

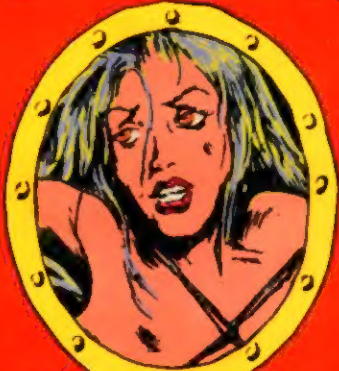
AS-FIX-E-8

Adults
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INTRODUCING



SAINT DYMPHNA



RUBY VON MONSTER



AMERICAN PRINCESS

AND FEATURING





AS-FIX-E-8

TABLE OF CONTENTS:

PIT STOP JUNK LOVE	<i>NICK CAVE & MIKE MATTHEWS</i>
STONING OF RUBY VON MONSTER	<i>LYDIA LUNCH & NICK CAVE</i>
GARBAGE HEARTS	<i>LYDIA LUNCH & NICK CAVE</i>
AMERICAN SPEEDWAY FEVER TRASH	<i>NICK CAVE</i>
FIVE FOOLS OF FATHER FULL	<i>NICK CAVE & LYDIA LUNCH</i>
GREASE GUN SHOOTER	<i>NICK CAVE</i>
FREST CUNT IN THE CAN	<i>LYDIA LUNCH & NICK CAVE</i>
DEAD JOE HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS	<i>NICK CAVE & LYDIA LUNCH</i>
BULL HER SECRET BEAST	<i>NICK CAVE & LYDIA LUNCH</i>
PORTAIT OF AN AMERICAN PRINCESS	<i>LYDIA LUNCH</i>
DEAD JOE: BITTERFRUIT/LIVING THING	<i>NICK CAVE & LYDIA LUNCH</i>
CURSE OF SAINT DYMPHNA	<i>LYDIA LUNCH</i>

ALL ARTWORK BY MIKE MATTHEWS



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The STONING of RUBY VON MONSTER

© 1986
BY
LYDIA
LUNCH
&
NICK
CAVE

ILLUSTRATED
BY
MIKE
MATTHEWS

Like an *atheist* at the feet of some *Holy Apparition*, (on her lips *benediction* and *anathema*, both.)
Ruby von Monster sprawls beneath a single spotlight of *Judgement* that whispers: 'GUILTY...! GUILTY...!'
 She is *roped*, *terrified*, and one hand rises to *execrate* the *Heavens*, the other *curses* *Hell*.
 She is a *Jewel*. A twisted and knotted *spine* buckles to a *hump* on her *back*. She is a *Deep Red Jewel*.
 A *drunken* and *demented* *rabble* can be heard *approaching*.
Ruby von Monster is a *Deep Red Embittered Jewel*.

HEAR MY WORTHY JURY,
MY LEARNED MAN OF LAW,
THEY ARE APPROACHING
WITH THE VERDICT.

THE VERDICT...THE ROCKS,
THE STONES, THE BOTTLES,
TO BUST MY BONES.

HERE COME THE PROSECUTORS,
MY JUDGES SOBER WITH WIG
AND MALLET AND SCALES.



EX DEBITO
JUSTITIAE.

COME, JUDGES; COME,
EXECUTIONERS.
IF THE HORROR OF MY
HUMP BE MY CRIME
THEN BUST IT WITH
YOUR BRICKS.

WITHIN ITS CAVITY
ARE WORMS THAT WILL
DIE AT THE FIRST
SPLINTERS OF LIGHT
AND SPIDERS WILL
DISPERSE.

DEPRIVATION, PREJUDICE,
DEATH, THE MOULD OF
JEALOUSY, THE RAVEN
OF GRIEF, ADDICTION,
FEAR, SOUR DROPLETS
OF SIN.

HATE, LUST, MISERY,
ADULTERY, THE PIOUS
ON FIRE, THE GREAT
DIVIDE, PUTREFACTION
OF FLESH, BLOOD-SPORTS,
TO BE DROWNED.
(NEVER THAT, OH,
NEVER THAT!)

STRANGULATION,
CRUCIFIXION,
ENVY, EVIL, TRASH,
GARBAGE, SEWER,
STINK, JUNK, SHIT.



YOUR FIRST HORROR,
MYSTERY, DISCOVERY
WILL RUSH AT
YOUR FACES.



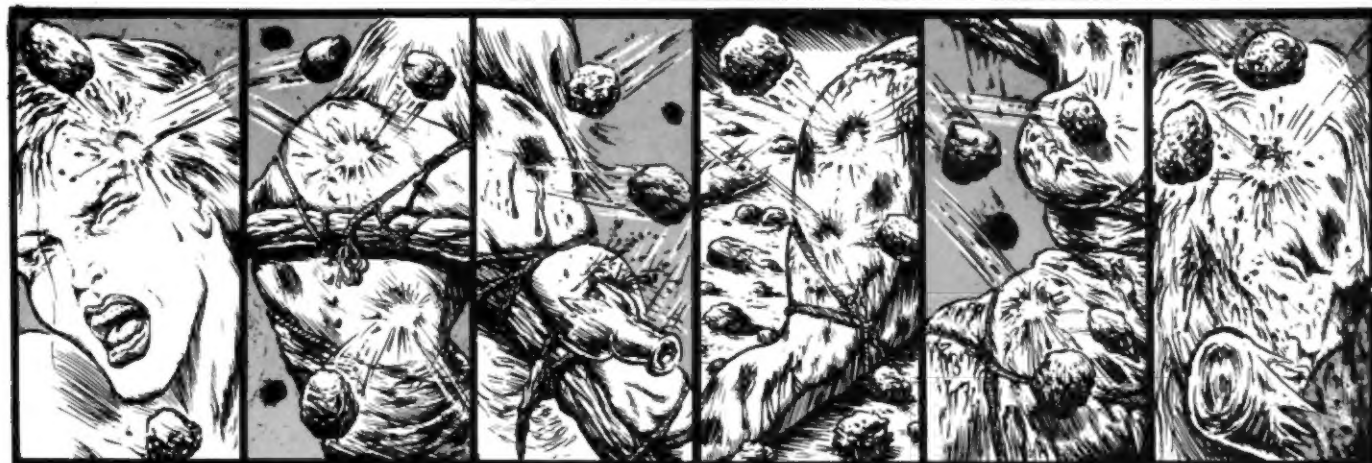
HELLRAKES, JOCKEYING
HELLRAKES, THE
IMPUDENT WHISPER
OF FALLEN ANGELS.



IMMOLATION
AND SACRIFICE,
YES, JUDGES, THE
LAMB OF SACRIFICE,
THOSE WHO HAVE
GONE TO ELYSIUM.



BUST ME FLAT INTO
THIS DIRT TILL I
BECOME NOTHING
MORE THAN DIRT.



The crowd is deathly silent and moves away from the corpse of Ruby von Monster, as above her there appears a Host of Angels, singing songs of Heavenly Praise.



OH GOD! SHE IS RISING!



RISING ABOVE US!

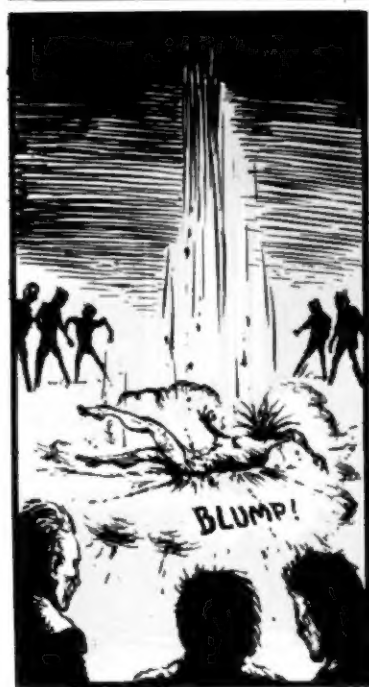


SHE IS A SAINT!

TO HEAVEN!



HEAVEN!



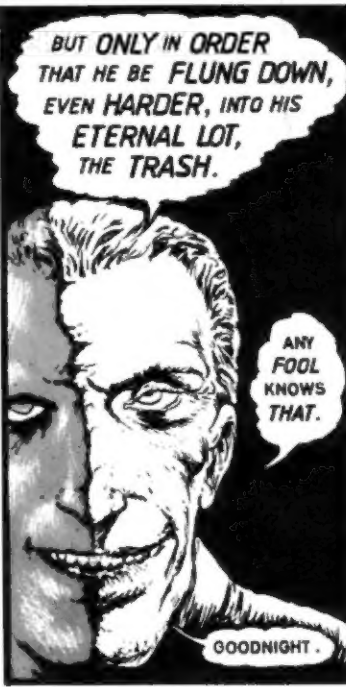
BLUMP!



DID ANYONE REALLY BELIEVE THAT WE WOULD ALLOW ANYONE IN THIS PERFORMANCE TO RISE ABOVE THE MUCK?

DID ANYONE, REALLY?

MAN IS ALLOWED, ON OCCASION, TO RISE...



BUT ONLY IN ORDER THAT HE BE FLUNG DOWN, EVEN HARDER, INTO HIS ETERNAL LOT, THE TRASH.

ANY FOOL KNOWS THAT.

GOODNIGHT.



UP AGAINST THE GARBAGE DUMPSTER.
HIS KNEE BETWEEN HER LEGS.



HE TAKES DEEP
INHALATION.
THE SWEET
MIXTURE.
THE LOVELY
STENCH.



THE GARBAGE
AND HER
UNIFORM.

PUTTING HIS PRICK WHERE HIS KNEE
WAS PRIOR, THE TIP OF IT COMES INTO
CONTACT... KISSES HER STICKY...
SWEATY... PANTIES...



WASTING NO TIME ON CEREMONY,
HE RIPS THEM OFF...



AND THROWS THEM
AT THE OTHER
STINKING
GARBAGE.



THIS IS IT!
RUBBISH
LOVE!



GARBAGE
HEARTS
AT ITS
FINEST.

THE SKIN COLLECTS UNDER HER FINGERNAILS
AS HE RAMS IT HOME.

THE REPEATED **CRACKS** OF HER **SKULL** AGAINST THE **DUMPSTER** BANG OUT THE **RANKEST RHYTHM** OF **PASSION**.

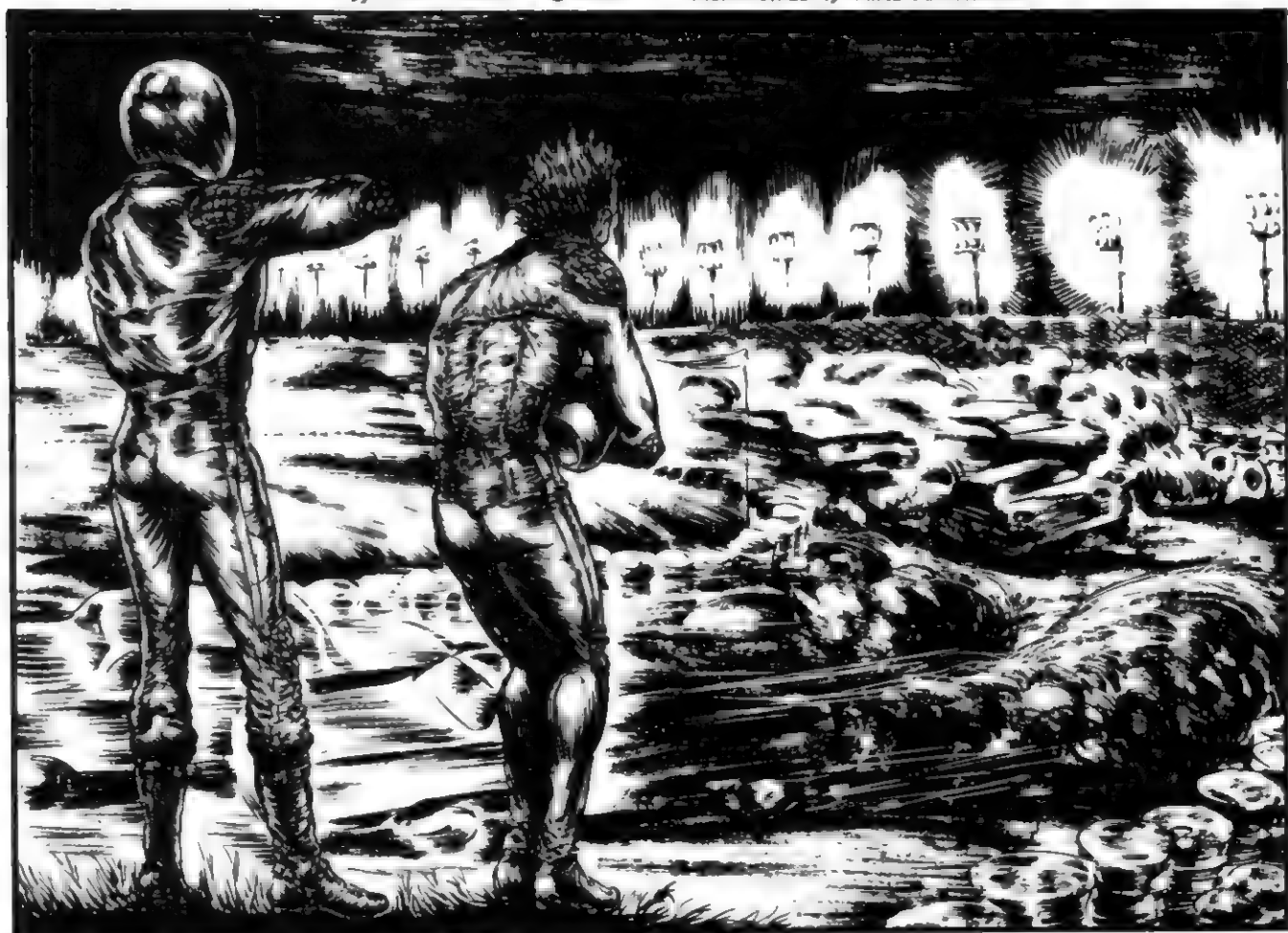


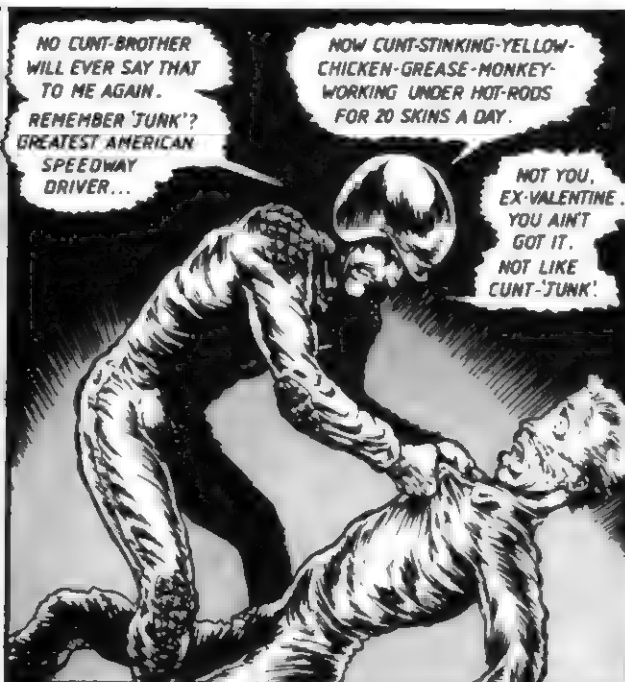
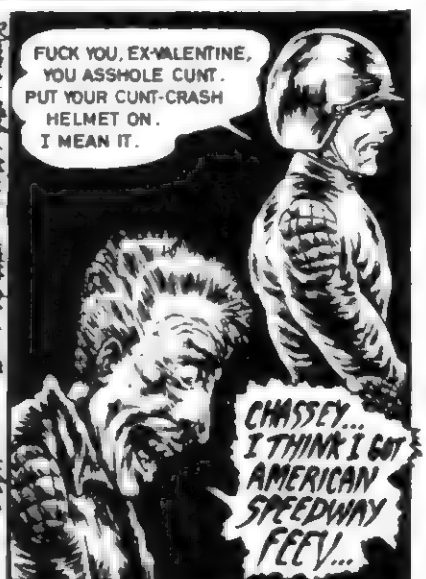
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AMERICAN SPEEDWAY FEVER TRASH

by NICK CAVE © 1986

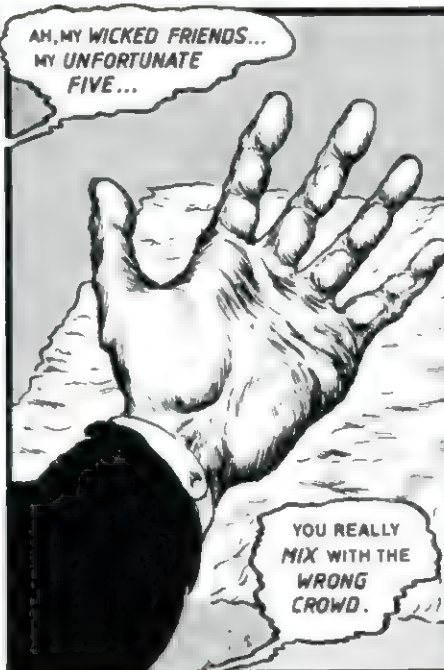
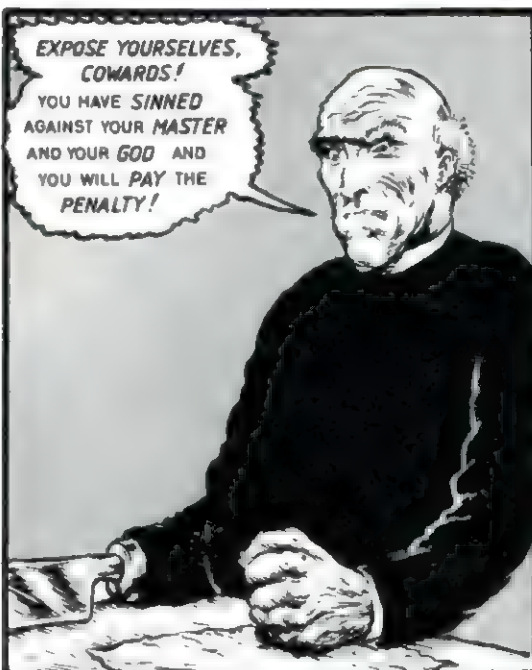
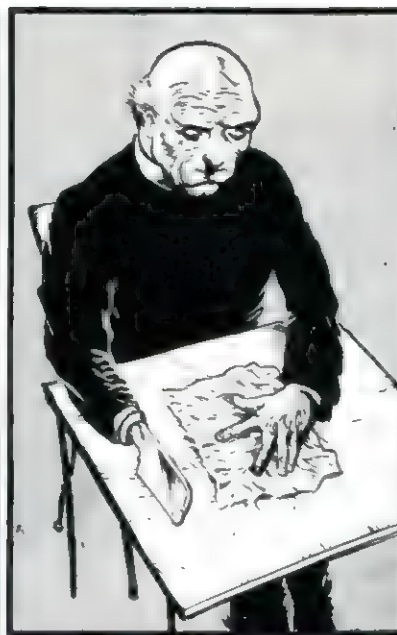
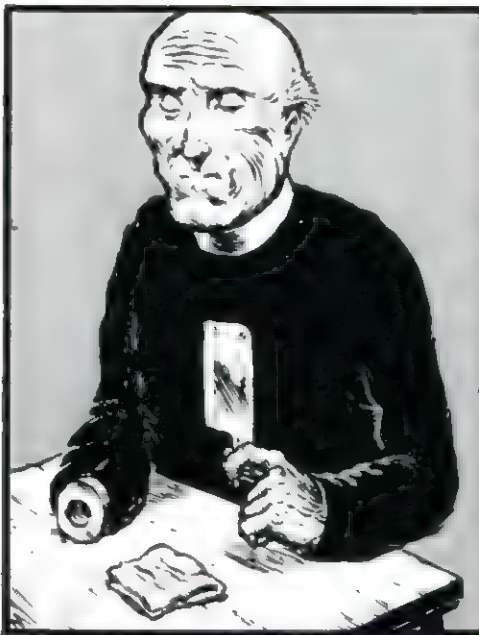
ILLUSTRATED by MIKE MATTHEWS





THE FIVE FOOLS OF FATHER FULL

by: NICK CAVE & LYDIA LUNCH © 1986. ILLUSTRATED BY MIKE MATTHEWS





YOU'VE CORRUPTED
EACH OTHER PUSHED
IT TOO FAR.

I WOULD HAVE
THOUGHT YOU'D
LEARNED YOUR LESSON.
BUT YOU'VE REALLY
GONE AND PUSHED
IT TOO FAR...

NO
TURNING
BACK!



I SET AN EXAMPLE WITH
YOUR COLLEAGUES...

BUT YOU WERE
BLIND...TOO
ABSORBED IN
YOUR OWN
VICES.



SO LISTEN TO ME NOW... YOU WILL PAY!!!

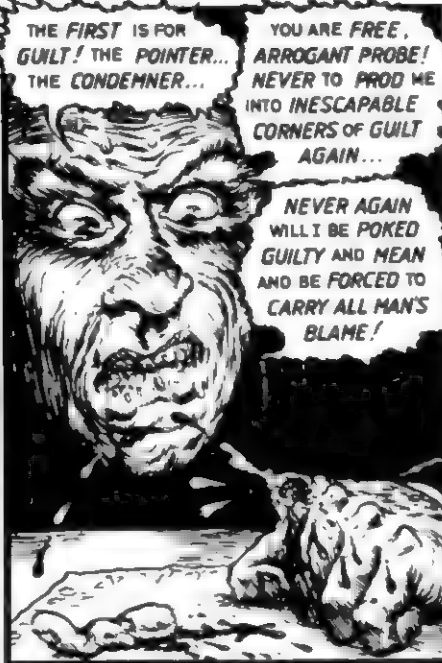
THERE IS NO
ROOM FOR
FORGIVENESS
NOW, MY
QUIVERING
QUINTET!



BE
BRAVE!!



CHUNK



THE FIRST IS FOR
GUILT! THE POINTER...
THE CONDEMNER...

YOU ARE FREE,
ARROGANT PROBE!
NEVER TO PROD ME
INTO INESCAPABLE
CORNERS OF GUILT
AGAIN...

NEVER AGAIN
WILL I BE POKED
GUILTY AND MEAN
AND BE FORCED TO
CARRY ALL MAN'S
BLAME!



NEVER SHALL
IT WAG AT ME
AS I SUFFER!
NEVER,
NO, NEVER!



SCYTH



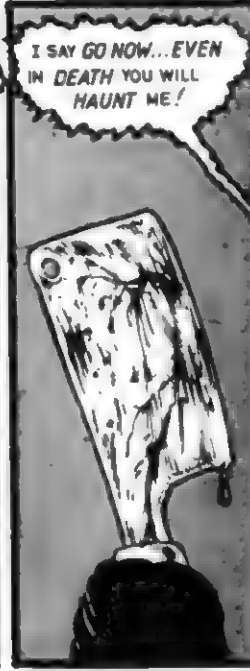
THIS IS THE SCHOOL OF
HARD KNOCKS...THE
VERTICAL BEAM...THE
MAIN TRUNK OF THE CROSS...
THE LIFE SUPPORT
AND THE BIG
ONE!



GOOD RIDDANCE TO YOUR
CRUEL LESSON...
THE DEVIL'S LESSON OF LIFE!

GOOD
RIDDANCE
TO LIFE, YES,
THE SCHOOL
OF HARD
KNOCKS!

THE
WARMONGER
AND THE
SICK ONE.



I SAY GO NOW...EVEN
IN DEATH YOU WILL
HAUNT ME!



THIS IS THE CROSS-BEAM. STAINED CRIMSON WITH THE BLOOD OF TRICKERY. IT IS THE HOLY SUPPORT...THIS IS THE CHURCH OF STONE. FLESHLESS, SOULLESS AND SILENT...



MANY TIMES MY LIPS HAVE CHILLED UPON YOUR WALLS, MY FEET FROZEN UPON YOUR FLOORS. BE DAMNED, FRIGID EDIFICE! LEAVE THIS WRETCHED COMPANY!



AND FINALLY... THE RUNT!



THE LAST IS FOR DESIRE-SQUASHED, FOR STUNTED LUST! EXCOMMUNICATE THE RUNT! SMASH THE WALL BETWEEN THE KNIFE AND THE FLESH! THE FORCES THAT REPRESS BE GONE!
NOW I CAN INDULGE!



THE THUMB SHALL REMAIN...SO I CAN CONDEMN, PROVIDE WARNING, PUNISH, INTRUDE, VIOLATE...



IN SHORT

PUNCTURE THE 'O'



SLAM!



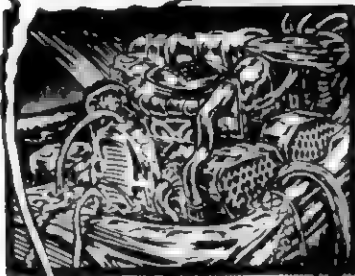
GREASE-GUN Shooter

GREASE-GUN SHOOTER SITS.
HE IS WHITE, ONLY HE IS
BLACK, HEAD TO FEET.

HE SITS SAD. HE IS THINKING OUT LOUD AND
SOMETIMES SQUIRTING GREASE INTO A BUCKET WITH
HIS BIG GREASE-GUN SHOOTER AND WE SOON FEEL
SORRY FOR HIM AS HE GETS NONE OF THE GLORY THAT
THE BIG-MEN WHO DRIVE THE RED-FLAME DEVILS GET.



LIFE IS AN
ENGINE...



AN
ASS...



AN ENGINE ASS..!



THANKLESS TO GREASE-GUN...
TO SHOOTER BLOOD...

TO PISS
OIL IN
BUCKETS...



WHILE BIG WHITE-TEETH GARBAGE IN MY CARS CHEW GUM, WIN CUNTS IN CARS.



WORDS: NICK CAVE. ©87 ILLUSTRATED BY
MIKE MATTHEWS

FRESH CUNT IN THE CAN.

GIRL PRISONER,
BRUISED AND BATTERED,
TORN AND BLEEDING,
SITS WITH SCREW.

HER BARE BUTTOCKS
STIFFENING AGAINST
THE ICY CHILL OF THE
METAL-BACKED
CHAIR.

A THIN TRICKLE OF
BLOOD SEEPS FROM
HER UNFORTUNATE SLIT
AND DOWN HER
PLUMP YOUNG
THIGHS.



WITNESS INNOCENCE
STAMPED-UPON,
SLAM-BANGED,
VIOLATED.
THE SCREW
REMAINS
UNTOUCHED.

THIS IS NO DREAM! I WAS ASLEEP...
THIS IS NO DREAM!



AN EXPLOSION SO PAINFUL
RACKED THROUGH MY RECTUM...
THIS IS NO DREAM!

DREAMS AREN'T MADE OF
MOPHEADS!
NEVER BEFORE HAS SUCH AN
INNOFFENSIVE TOOL
BECOME SUCH A HORRIBLE
INSTRUMENT OF
CRUELTY!



OH SAVAGE VIOLATOR!

THE INFLAMED SHE-BITCHES
SHOWED NO MERCY...
BITING DEEP INTO MY TENDER
BREAST-FLESH...

OH! SLEEP! SLEEP! IMPALED UPON THIS SICKLY STICK!

OH! SLEEP! THE RELENTLESS GRINDING!
BANISH THESE HAGS!

BANISH THESE HAGS WITH THEIR DELIRIOUS
OBSESSION FOR MY MOST Dainty ORIFICE!
AM I NOT SOILED ENOUGH?
FOULED AT THE HANDS OF
FIENDS?

A FURIOUS FIST PLUMMETS,
ELBOW DEEP,
STEALING THE LAST VESTIGES
OF MY VIRGINITY
AND DAMNING ME TO
HELL ETERNAL,
A BLOODY LITTLE
PUPPET ON A
SEX-STICK...

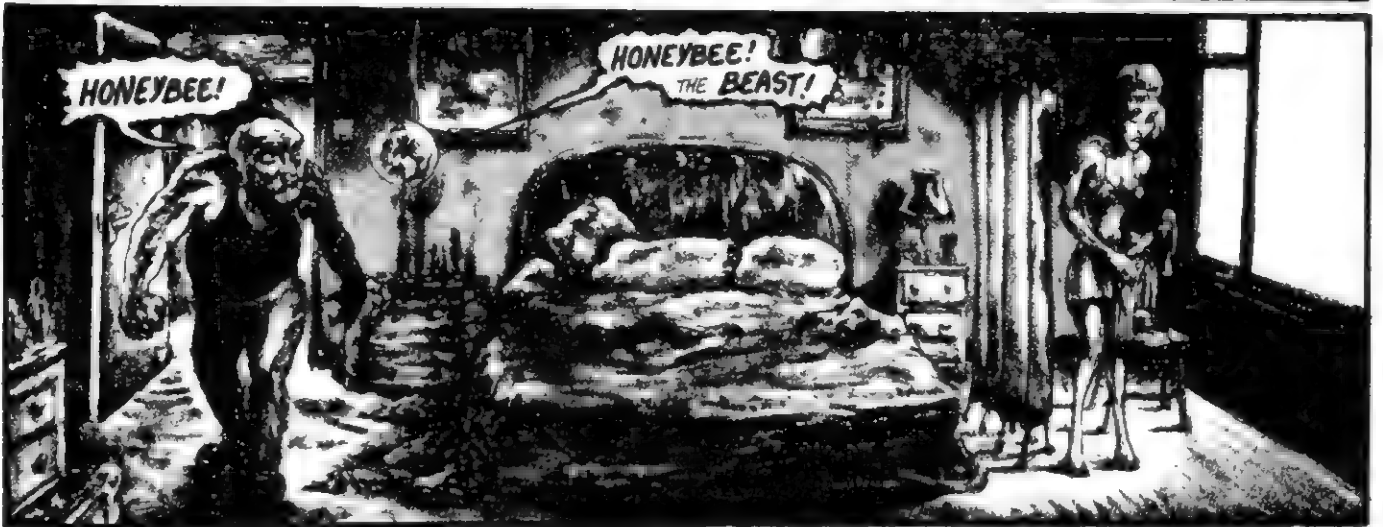
YEAH...
YEAH...
FRESH
CUNT
IN THE
CAN...!

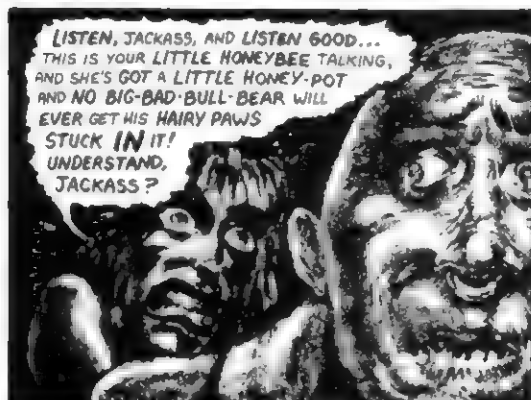






BULL HER SECRET BEAST





PORTRAIT of an AMERICAN PRINCESS

STORY BY:

LYDIA LUNCH ©'85

PICTURES BY:

MIKE MATTHEWS ©'85

WHERE IS THAT
STUPID LITTLE SHIT
ANYWAY...??!

AND YOU HAVE
WON A COMPLETE
VEGEMIX
KITCHEN
APPLIANCE
SET AND A
TWO WEEK
HOLIDAY
FOR TWO
IN NORTH
DAKOTA!!





YOO-HOOO!
I'M HOME!

HOW THE FUCK LONG
DOES IT TAKE YOU TO GO
TO THE GODDAMN STORE?

WHERE THE
FUCK DID YOU
GET THAT SHIT...?
PEORIA??!

12 TWINKIES
2 SIX-PACKS
6 SNICKERS BARS
COUPLE CANS OF
DUE EL PASO
REFRIED BEANS
6 ROLLS OF
TOILET PAPER
A COUPLE OF
FROZEN PIZZAS
AND A DIET
PEPSI TO GO.

WHAT 'YA
GET TO EAT
ANYWAY???
FER CHRISTSAKES
WILL YA GET ME OUTTA
THIS FRIGGIN' TUB ALREADY...



I SUPPOSE YOU FORGOT
THE ICE-CREAM, TOO, YA
SCHMUCK...

JESUS CHRIST... PANT!!
YOU'RE SO FUCKING
BEAUTIFUL... GASP!!
'SPECIALLY WHEN YOU'RE
ANGRY... SNORT!!
CHRIST, I'M GETTIN' ALL
GREAZY JUST LOOKIN'
AT YOU... !!!



AWWW, SHUT THE FUCK
UP ALREADY! I'M FATTER
THAN A FUCKING HORSE
AND YOU'RE
FULL OF
SHIT!!

I MAY BE
FULL OF SHIT...



BUT...
HONEY...

THIS THING DONT
DO NO LYING!!

WILL YOU PUT
THAT GODDAMN THING
AWAY AND HELP ME
GET OUTTA THIS
FUCKING TUB...

DO SOMETHING
USEFUL FOR ONCE,
WILL YA??!



WHEW...
BABY...

THAT ASS...
I'D DO ANYTHING
FOR IT...
SHIIIT...

THAT SWEET
JUICY THANG...
MMMM...
BABY...!

AW,
CUT THE
CRAP
AND GET
ME
OUTTA
HERE!

YOU
ASS-
HOLE!



IT'S DEEPER THAN THE GRAND CANYON,
AND TWICE AS BEAUTIFUL... GREATER
THAN MOUNT RUSHMORE... GRUNT

BIGGER THAN TEXAS!!! UMMH

HONEY... A BLIND MAN
COULD GET ROMANTIC OVER
AN ASS LIKE THAT..!

GNVUHHH...

PUSH!



NOW... STEP DOWN, MY FAIR
PRINCESS...
GRUNT...



FWUP



I BET YOU DIDN'T EVEN FIX THE
FUCKING TOILET DID YA... I TOLD YOU
I REALLY NEED TO TAKE A GOOD
GODDAMN SHIT! WHADYA WANT
ME TO GET CONSTIPATED OR
WHAT... ARE YOU
LISTENING TO ME??!

MMMM!!



DID YOU TAKE OUT
THE GARBAGE...??
WASH THE DISHES...
CHANGE THOSE
FILTHY SHEETS???
NO!!!

NO WONDER MY YEAST
INFECTION'S FLARING UP...

WHERE'S MY VAGISIL
ANYWAY??!

ARE YOU
LISTENING
TO ME??!

UMPHH!!
UMMNNN!!

AND LOOK YOU JERK...
WE'RE OUTTA CIGARETTES...
THE ROTTEN PHONE'S BEING
CUT OFF TOMORROW...
DID YOU PAY
THE GAS BILL...??!

ALL HELL'S GONNA
BREAK LOOSE IF
THEY SHUT THAT
STOVE OFF!!!

UUMMPHH
UUMMNN
MMNNH

NNMCH!!
NGNN!!



YOU'RE ALWAYS
TELLING ME I
SHOULD GAIN
A LITTLE
WEIGHT...

'ENHANCE MY
BEAUTY' YOU
ALWAYS SAY...
WELL THAT'S
IT!!!

HERE I GO... I'LL BE PRETTIER THAN A
PIGFARM IN A MUDSLIDE OR A FOURTEEN
CAR PILE-UP ON ROUTE 66!! THE PRETTIEST
GODDAMN THING AROUND!!! JUICIER
THAN A BUCKET OF MONKEYSHIT LACED
WITH MOONSHINE OR STRYCHNINE!!!



YEAH! FATTER THAN THE
MOON IN JUNE YOU
FUCK!!!

'ENHANCE
MY BEAUTY'...
HUMPH!

I'LL GIVE
HIM 'ENHANCE
MY BEAUTY...!'





UTTERLY HOPELESS DREAMS...



BUT ALWAYS THE VISION... FADES... AWAY...



AND I'M LEFT HOLDING BROOMS AND DIRTY MOPS.



OH JOE!! WE WERE BOTH BORN ON LONESOME STREET...! SOB! SNIFF!



I CAN SEE IT THERE IN YOUR EYES...!

TWO LIFE-TORN PITS! SNIFF!



I CAN RECOGNISE THEM...! THEY ARE SO VERY MUCH LIKE MY OWN, THOSE EYES...!

OH, DEAR JOE... TOGETHER WE CAN STAND STRONG... UNITED...!

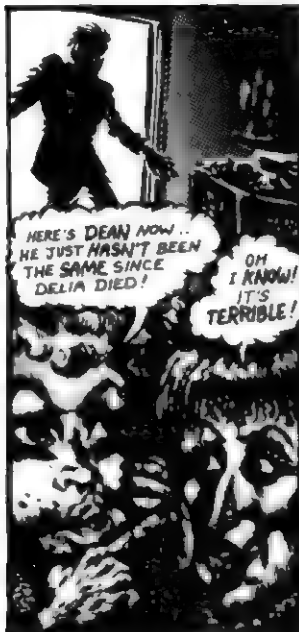


The CURSE of Saint Dymphna.

© 1986
STORY: LYDIA LUNCH
PICTURES: MIKE MATTHEWS

INVITATION
To: The Family WAKE of
DELIA DIPNER (R.I.P.)
PASSED AWAY 15TH MAY 1988.
BELOVED WIFE OF DEAN DIPNER
(OF WALL STREET. FOR THE BEST STOCK-BRINKING
ADVICE CALL 212 671-2800)
"SHE WILL LIVE FOREVER
IN OUR HEARTS AND MINDS"
TO BE HELD AT 1313 N. LIMBO DRIVE,
NEW JERSEY, N.J.







OH, BABY!!
MMMM!
SLURP!
SPLUSH!
MMMM!
URHHH!!



I... LOVED YOU... SOOO MUUUUCH... YOU FILTHY FUCKIN' BITCH!! MMMMMM!!
SSCHLURP!
SLOBBERS!
SLURP!
MMMM!
UHHH!!
YEAH...!!



DAD?!
DADDY!



OH MY GOSH!
HE'S DOIN'
IT AGAIN!



DAD!!

DAD! CAN I HAVE
THE CAR KEYS?.. I
WANNA GO PICK UP
BINKY...!

UH...?
OH...UH... SURE
HERE...

SUFFERING AND IN SHOCK,
DEAN IN HIS DRUGS AND
ALCOHOL-INDUCED STUPOR
HAS A MIRACULOUS VISION
WHEREBY MOTHER AND
DAUGHTER BECOME
ONE AND THE SAME!!!



URHHH!!

D.DINAH?



MMMM!
URHHH!
SLURP!
GRUNT!
UHHH!!



DELIA!!



DELIA!
DARLING!

UH?



LOVELY PARTY
WE'RE HAVING...!
OH, BABE,
YOU ALWAYS
KNEW HOW
TO THROW
A PARTY!!

?!
?











LINGING HIMSELF FRUITLESSLY AT HER FEET, BEGGING THAT THEY CEMENT THEIR RELATIONSHIP EVEN FURTHER, THE YOUNG DYPHNA BECAME DISTRAUGHT BY SUCH THOUGHTS. FLEEING TO BELGIUM WITH HER TRUSTED CONFESSOR, THEY PLANNED TO LIVE IN COMPLETE SOLITUDE.

ANYTHING WAS BETTER THAN THAT SLOBBERING MADMAN! WELL... IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE OL' DADDY DUMPS SNIFFED HIS WAY CLEAR TO OUR LI'L VENUS, DEMANDING WHAT WAS 'RIGHTFULLY HIS'... HER!

OFFERING HER ONE LAST CHANCE TO BECOME THE TRUE QUEEN SHE WAS MEANT TO BE, OR HAVING HER HEAD AMPUTATED... SHE CHOSE THE LATTER... (PROVING SHE HAD MORE DIGNITY THAN THE ENTIRE READERSHIP OF THIS SAD MAG'S FANS.)

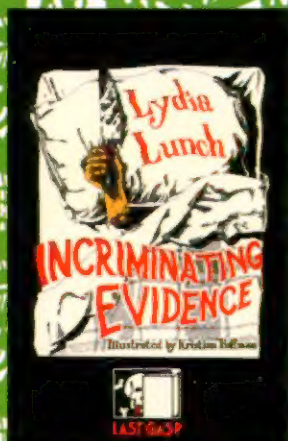
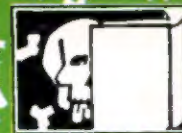
ORDERING HIS HENCHMEN TO OBLITERATE THE YOUNG CUR, BUT FINDING THEM A TAD SHY OF POSSESSING ENOUGH NERVE TO ACTUALLY SNUFF SUCH A YOUNG GODDESS, DAD GRABBED THE SWORD HIMSELF AND WITH ONE FELL SWOOP KNOCKED HER BLOCK OFF!

BUILT ON THE SITE OF THE DECAPITATION, IN GHEEL, 25 MILES FROM ANTWERP, STILL STANDS A SANATORIUM WHICH BOASTS MIRACULOUS HEALING POWERS. GRANTED FROM: SAINT DYPHNA PATRON SAINT OF THE (SEXUALLY) INSANE.

AND YOU THOUGHT WE WAS MAKING IT UP...?!

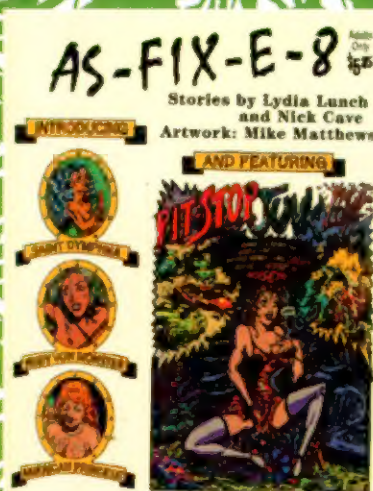
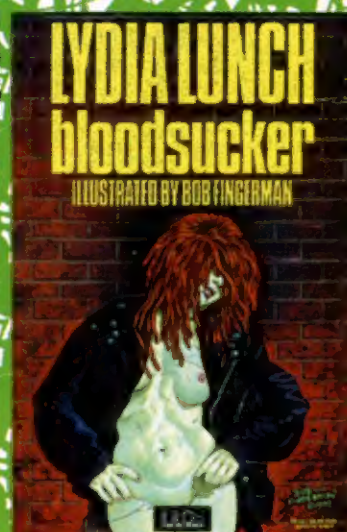


Last Gasp Book Shelf

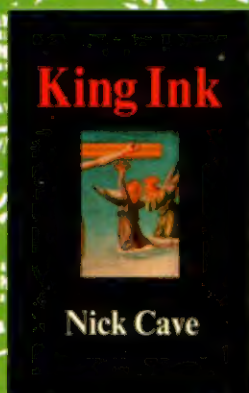


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184pp \$12.95

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A great comic book. Illustrated by Bob Fingerman with stories by Lydia Lunch.
44pp \$2.50



AS-FIX-E-8
Stories by Lydia Lunch and Nick Cave with incredible art by Mike Matthews.
\$5.95

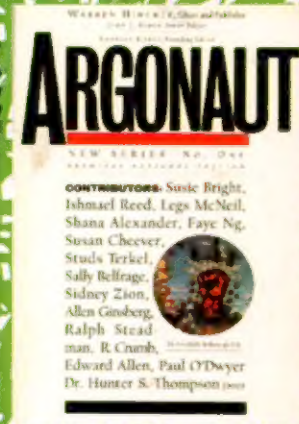


KING INK
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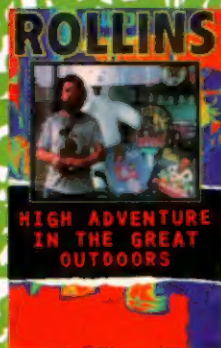
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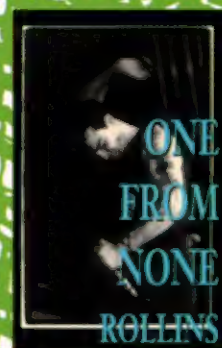
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